The Ladies' Monitor.

"THE MIND TO IMPROVE, AND YET AMUSE."

VOL. I.] NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1801. [NO. VI.

A new Novel, entitled, "MARGARETTA; OR, THE VILLAGE MAID," will shortly be handed for publication. We shall insert a few pages in the LADIES' MONITOR, as a specimen of the work, that those who may wish to become subscribers may be enabled to form an idea of its merit. It is written by the authoress of the SECOND VINDICATION OF THE RIGHTS OF WOMEN, BEGGAR-GIRL, &c. &c.

MISS MIRANDA STEWART TO MRS. DAYTON.

DEAR SISTER,

April 27.

AFTER a short, but disagreeable journey, I have been safely put down in this village; from whence you may expect a lengthy information of trivial occurrences. The stage-coach unfortunately broke down, which will occasion us to tarry here some time, until it be repaired. The village, and its vicinity, offer, from their delightful situation, an endless resource of gratification to my scribbling propensity. Here are hills and dales; meadows and fields; forrests and groves; all in that elegant assemblage which render the landscapes the most picturesque, and interresting to the eye imaginable. Here are also, cottages and fruit gardens; and of course, cottagers. I think I may, with much propriety be allowed to say, that I have but a small share of the ingredients of romance in my composition. If I feel delighted, even to ectacy with the view of this beautiful expanse of nature, 'tis no more than a tribute of gratitude due to the *beneficent expander*, who has evidently created us for the express purpose of being happy in the extensiveness of *his* bounty.

"Here are cottagers." The human heart has ever been the object of my most ardent research, and of my deepest study. And here, where in the genuine state of nature, the influence of customary evils has not, as is common in the polished circles of society, necessarily gazed and rendered it impenetrable to the eager eye of observance, its depths may be probed, and laid open to the view of every curious inspector.

I speak, as were it my intention to remain here for years, when perhaps two or three days may terminate my journey, and I may never again see this secluded village. Yet, stranger as I am, I have, by imperceptible degrees became attached to it, and that in the short space of twelve or fourteen hours. Do not smile, my sister; I am happily past the age of twenty two. There's no lover in the case. 'Tis an attachment founded on a more rational basis.... 'Tis friendship. I have fallen in love, according to the vulgar phrase, with a cottage girl; a sweet pretty creature, and one apparently of superior intelligence to the common peasants of her class. From the first moment I beheld her, I felt myself interested in her fate. This, however, may be occasioned by the seeming maliciousness of the landlady, in endeavouring to traduce this beautiful girl, and ruin her in my opinion. You know my natural proneness to advocate the defenceless, until I am convinced of the ostensible cause of loose detraction, and the demerits of the children of my adoption. Consistently, therefore, with this propensity, I ranged myself, in order to defend this seemingly inoffensive girl, at the first calumniating speech that was leveled at her character. Who is that pretty looking girl? demanded I of the landlady. Who do you mean, ma'am? pretending not to have noticed her....She that passed the window with the milk-pail? Oh, ho! you mean her that lives at the cottage, do you? how queer, that strange gentlefolks will always call that girl handsome, when not one person in the town can think her even passible. Dear good woman, I did not ask your opinion of

her beauty; I only wish to know, who she may be. Why as for that, ma'am, you know it don't become neighbours to speak ill-natured things of one another; and so I say, I'd rather say nothing at all than any thing of her, or about her. This, then, is to signify, returned I, that she does not bear the best of characters? why I, for my part, know nothing about her, only what the gentlemen whispers; I have business enough of my own to mind, and if all the neighbours would do the same, I think they would not pay so much notice to that girl: yet I must say (scratching her face, and smiling malignantly(it vexes me a little to see people trouble themselves so much about knowing who she is, and calling her handsome, when my Sally is as pretty, in my opinion, and besides that, a good, honest, virtuous girl; and nobody gives themselves the least care about her. Just then the cottage-girl came from among the thick branching trees that shade her humble roof. I raised the window to have a better view of her. In passing, she dropped a graceful courtsey. Somewhat instinctively I demanded to know her name. It was, from an impulse of love, that naturally attaches us to any thing supereminently beautiful. She replied, Margaretta. Do you live in yon cottage? Yes ma'am. Do your parents live there also? Yes; they lived there long ere I was in being. Thank you my dear....she smiled, curtseyed again, and tripped away.

What a pity, said the landlady, that that girl does not know what people thinks of her, it may be might cure her of her conceits. It were a pity indeed, retorted I, that she should, unless they thought of her as I do, for to me she appears an admirably creature.

Oh, indeed, I know nothing at all that's bad of the girl. She may be well enough for aught I know of her. I, for my part, think her tolerable decent.

This is the common cant of envy. Such creatures generally endeavour to infuse the venom that corrodes them into the hearts of others; but when repulsed, the best method to screen their diabolical intentions is, to take refuge in lying.

A gentleman passenger, who from his conversation, I have reason to think is a West-Indian, was pacing the front platform as Margaretta passed. He eyed her very attentively; even with that penetrating scrutiny, that it caused the deepest suffusion of modesty to overspread her delicate features. This I observed from the parlour window. At her return Margaretta tripped with that speed into the cottage which plainly denoted to me, that to be vain of her beauty, was not her ruling passion. A moment after he came in, indifferently humming a tune. He accosted the landlady with....pray landlady, who is that fine girl? I guess, sir, said she with a sneer, she might very easy be prevailed on to tell you that herself. Ha! say you so? But, resumed she; if you have taken a liking to the girl I can soon tell you who she be. She lives in yon cottage, half moulded over with moss. And that old man yonder, pointing to a very venerable figure, is her father. Take a liking to her, repeated he. Few look at her, I suppose, without taking a liking to her. Do tell me, has she many associates? No, sir; she thinks herself above her equals; and her superiors would surely not condescend to stoop to her. And pray, Madam, continued he, in an ironical strain, whom do you call her superiors? yourself for one, no doubt. She gave him a look of mingled astonishment and contempt; and without making any intelligible reply, she left the room, with muttering at peoples blindness, and silly prejudices.

I am so much pleased with this moss-grown cottage, that, could my business be protracted, I would spend some time here, purposely to become acquainted with this lowly family. By the over-officious kindness of the landlady, I have been introduced to several village ladies, of apparently genteel families. They speak in the style of the *well-bred*, somewhat derogatory to the true dignity of the female character. They obviously assume a refinement of manner, and language as a mask to the groser materials of calumny and detraction, which, through a subtle conveyance, is sure to strike deeper root in souls congenial with their own. Mine must surely be of the male kind, if in this we can be allowed to make any exceptions, from my natural disinclination to join in this female converse, that tends to such mean, low, base purposes.

I am led to make these remarks from observing how industriously they endeavour to prejudice me against this humble Margaretta, who is occasion-

ally the topic of their conversation; but they speak of her with so much contempt and malice, that when this subject is introduced, I mostly wave it, by introducing another.

It seems strange, that when she is absent, they hold her as an object fit only for derision, and when she is personally addressed, it is with a kind of conscious submission to one of a superior order. Her humility is so conspicuous, that it is evident she claims nothing but civility; and when she returns their compliments, it is with complaisance, and a certain mixture of pride and diffidence.

This has been written at intervals, as time or inclination have admitted. It is now three days since I arrived at the cottage. About four o'clock this afternoon we proceed on our journey; and as the weather is settled and the sky clear and serene, I improve my time in walking. One passenger, whom I distinguish by the appellation of solitary, strolls with me. Is there, think you, an impropriety in walking with a stranger through the woods, or over sequestered plains? No more, in my opinion, than to ride unaccompanied with a friend of the other sex in a private, hackney coach. Custom makes both improper; but if we can answer to ourselves for our conduct in these particulars, custom must accede to inclination without contradiction.

I have been in the cottage; 'tis all rustic neatness and elegant simplicity: and the people of it so condescendingly kind, that I feel extremely sorry for not having introduced myself sooner to them. The old cottager, silvered over with age, and with a countenance somewhat austere, treated me with the rough, but honest sincerity of a peasant. I was hurt at his manner of rebuking his daughter, of whom, in the simplicity of his heart, and unsuspecting confidence of ignorance, he speaks in the harshest language, by exclaiming against her disobedience in not being willing to marry a young farmer of some note, whom he proposes as a fit match for the youthful Margaretta.

The old woman, with a countenance truly expressive of the humility of a christian, and such cheerful, yet unaffected simplicity of manners, engaged my love, and even reverence, at first sight. But to delineate Margaretta, is an undertaking I feel myself utterly inadequate to. Her heaven-informed countenance; the gracefulness of her person; her dignified deportment; her musical voice; and, above all, her winning manner, her engaging behaviour, have so roused every tender feeling of my heart, that within this last hour I have resolved to transplant this promising *bud* to a richer soil. It were a sin to her *creator* to let her perish in the wild woods, unseen, uuknown. She is absolutely a perfect auburn beauty; and this may be the mean, with due attention to her mental attributes, of great promotion to this lowly girl.

Adelle, a younger daughter, of whom the old cottager spoke with much exultation, as a fine, pliable, obedient child, had been at school, but entered as I was leaving the cottage. She does not bear the least resemblance to Margaretta, either in face or person. Thus have I given you a short sketch of a family with which I hope to make you better acquainted. Their little parlour is furnished simply, but the arrangement of the broken china on the white scowered shelves, the neatly sanded floor, the white rush bottomed chairs, that are nearly worn out with the scrubbing-brush, all denote that Margaretta possesses taste, and that she would not be deficient in the display of it were she mistress of a palace.

Mr. de Benson, the West-Indian, and captain Waller, who appear to be acquaintances, intend to take a different route to arrive at their journey's end. The solitaire and I have the coach to ourselves. He is civil and agreeable, two qualities highly necessary to constitute the pleasing travelling companion.

You cannot hear from me, until my business in B.....re be transacted: I shall postpone writing until then. On my return hither, I shall indulge myself by staying four or five days; I shall then be able to give a more explicit account of this famliy, the appearance of which has, for these few days past, so greatly engaged my attention.

Apropos; how does mon cher Velmont. Would I were young again: I think I might be prevailed upon, as the landlady says, to set my cap for him. But, alack! I must consider, to my great mortification, that thirty-two and twenty-one would illy agree in the matrimonial yoke; especially when the woman numbers the longest score of years.

Affectionately your sister,

MIRANDA STEWART.

THE BEGGAR-GIRL: A NOVEL.

By the Authoress of the Second Vindication of the Rights of Women....Never before Published.

[CONTINUED.]

MONIMA forgot her own deplorable situation, in the anxiety she suffered for her father; with a presence of mind, not common to one in extreme youth, she began instantly to search for the bed; and when she had found it, she led her father to it, saying, I am happy, my father, that you can rest, after such a fatiguing walk....He laughed, and she accompanied him. In the name of heaven, said he, where are we, can you tell, my daughter? Or why are we put here? The North-Americans, continued he, are charitable creatures, they wish to spare us the pain of public starvation; for that reason, we are confined here to die privately! alas! what will become of us?

Thus they lay, condoling, and soothing each other by turns, till day. The cold was intense, and they kept themselves wrapped in the bed-cloaths, till they perceive the faint rays of the sun tipping the leafless trees, when Monima ventured forward, and took a view of the surrounding country. It looked barren, and dreary. Her father came also, but from the situation of the house, he had every reason to draw the most favourable conclusion of their confinement. Every thing around them open, airy-built, and opulent. Death could not have been meditated in their seclusion, as it was a thickly settled neighbourhood; and, instead of being confined to a cell, they were left free to range a spacious apartment, and inhale the pure air from the second floor of the house. His suspicions fell upon Monsieur de Noix, as the leader of the act, and, but a few days, he thought, would determine their fate.

Meantime Madame Sontine, was at a loss to invent an excuse for wishing to live that dreary season in the country; the night her scheme was to be executed, she spent sleepless and uneasy; and in the morning she arose sickly, debilitated, and pale; her husband observed it; and with that promptitude, that made him take part in the distress of all, he was solicitous and anxions for her health. Of the tenderness of his heart, she was wont to take the greatest advantages, and therefore this was her time to request. I think, said she, my dear, I would be well enough if I was at liberty to live at the mansion only one month; I don't wish you to confine yourself there. Betty can go with me. I am sure I shall then be well enough....What do you think? Indeed, said he, I hardly know what to think, but at this season, encompassed with snow and solitude, you will hardly retrieve your health; however, if it is your earnest desire, I will go and order the coach; you can try it a few days. I will call on you occasionally, and if you retract your wish of staying a month, it will be easy for you to return. The coach was brought to the door, and Madame ascended its steps exultingly....Betty attended her.

The coachman had orders from Betty to drive to F—— Street, and stop at No. 3; they were complied with. Philip was taking an early dinner. It was here they stopped. Philip was called. He came. She demanded, is all safe? Aye, said he, with a significant toss of his head, and a winking eye. Now, resumed he, I must have you know what. She drew her purse, and handed it to him; take that, said she, and much good may it do you. His retort was vulgar and insolent, and the coachman was ordered to proceed.

John was an old servant to Monsieur Sontine; he was a trusty, intelligent, faithful fellow. These proceedings appeared somewhat mysterious to him, and he hoarded them most sacredly in his memory.

Monsieur Sontine's farmer, Jemmy, and his wife, Suckey, had started from town that morning at break of day. It was about sunrise when they arrived at home. They lived at the north end, in a small snug house, that was particularly built for his family, therefore they had but communication with the south end of the mansion. It happened, however, that morning that, to hasten their arrival home, they crossed several fields, and came within view of the south window. As Jemmy cast his eye up, he thought he perceived an old-looking man, with a white cap, flit from the window. Lord! Suckey, said he, did you ever hear that the mansion was haunted? No, I never did: why, Jemmy, what makes you ask that question? With his eyes bent on the window, he answered, it seemed to me just now, as if I had seen an old ghost up there. Pshaw, said Suckey,

in a trembling voice, you are always filled with such non-sense. Fearfully she took a side-long glance herseif, and plainly espied some figure. Heavens! there it is. I saw it with my own eyes. It looks for all the world like a corps, for gracious sake, Jemmy run! They reached the house in almost the twinkling of an eye; made themselves up a rousing fire; and wondered, and conjectured, and resolved to tell Monsieur Sontine of the ghost with the very first opportunity.

About one o'clock, the coach came rattling up the green alley, called thus from the side-long ranges of the pine-trees. Madame alighted at the farm-house until the footman, with Betty, should have arranged the stove-parlour for her reception. Suckey, with lengthened vissage, was twice on the point of divulging the secret of the ghost to the lady, but Jemmy kept her communicative tongue under due restriction, hood-winking to her, and when Madame had walked to the mansion, he told her his reasons for not wishing the lady to know any thing about that frightful affair, for he thought it might scare her into fits. The best way he could think of was, to tell it strait way to Monsieur Sontine himself. That, said he, I will do this very afternoon.

The hour approached that was appropriated to carry milk to the city. Jemmy was more diligent than usual to serve his customers, that he might have more time for rehearsing the ghost-story. Monsieur Sontine was in the parlour reading, when some one interrupted him by knocking. He commanded them to walk in; Jemmy entered, made a low bow, smiled, and scratched his head. Well, Jemmy, how are you? O, I'am very well, so far. And I hope, said the gentleman, that you will retain your health farther still. Have you any particular news, continued Monsieur Sontine. How is my wife? O she's well, but the lord only knows how long she can be so. Why Jemmy? Why this morning, sir, there has a terrible thing been seen in the south window of the mansion. What does it look like, Jemmy? was asked with a smile. Why, sir, it looks, for all the world, like a French ghost! as pale as a corps, and when I looked at it, I conceited it turned up its eyes! Monsieur Sontine could scarcely command his risible muscles. Then, said he, you must be something uncommon, for other men, can only see ghosts by night, but you can see them in the morning. Yes sir, and I came here to tell you, that if Madame should chance to see it, it might frighten her out of her wits. There is not much danger of that Jemmy; however, I shall be here to-morrow, and we will then see about it.

Night approached ere the wretched Monima and her aged father had a morsel to eat, since they had every reason to conclude that they were brought there to be starved to death. Monsieur Fontanbleu had already resigned himself to his fate, and by energetic, yet pathetic language, he was endeavouring to fortify the mind of his daughter against the approaching dissolution, when a silent footstep was heard amidst the plaintive humming of the wintry wind. He clasped his daughter to his bosom! Alas! my child, exclaimed he, tremblingly, we shall be murdered! A key was applied to the door. Monima clung to her father, and made one piteous scream, then dropped her hold, and hung apparently lifeless in her father's arms! The door was opened. Here, said the voice, is something for you to eat. The door was again locked. The darkness of the chamber prevented the old man from seeing whether it was a man or woman that had served the victuals. By rubbing Monima's temples and wrists he soon recovered her, and after some time they ventured to approach the door, and search for the plates. Monima found a large bowl, containing a warm liquid, and two spoons; and her father a plate with bread, old meat, and winter sallad. The warm bowl was filled with chocolate. They seated themselves, and consumed it all with a very good appetite.

After a short time a terrible idea prevaded the mind of Monsieur Fontanbleu. He thought that perchance, they had been poisoned; but he resolved not to mention his suspicion to Monima. He desired her to go to bed; and, with a firm belief that he should never again behold the rising sun, he lay his head to rest on the thorny pillow of despair, and death. After many contests with his own heart, he sunk into a quiet sleep, and only awoke as the sun threw its palled beams into his chamber. The love of life is natural to all created things. Though Monsieur Fontanbleu laboured under the greatest hard-

ships and difficulties that can possibly fall to the share of mortals, yet when he opened his eyes and beheld the rays of the sun with a gladdened heart, he raised his hands, and gave thanks to his almighty protector, for prolonging a life which he wished to devote to virtue in the inculcation of it on the mind of his innocent daughter.

About three hours after sunrise, a distant footstep was again heard to approach their chamber: the key was again applied, and a masked figure in men's habit, but with a woman's voice, again set their diet down, and commanded Monima, to lay the bowl and plates that had been used the preceding evening into the entry. She did as she was bid, the figure lifted them, and hastily tripped away. Various were the conjectures of Monsieur Fontanbleu respecting his present situation; but it was an impenetrable mystery, that nothing but time could solve, and to its solution he patiently submitted himself.

The same day Monsieur Sontine made his wife a visit. He arrived at the mansion about three o'clock, and the first question he asked, as he stepped into the parlour, was, I hope, my dear, you have not lost your wits? What do you mean, demanded she? I find, said he, you can make a direct question, therefore I apprehend no further danger from the visits of the ghost. What ghost? Demanded she tremulously. One, said he, that was seen by Jemmy at the south end window. But what adds to the wonder is, that it is a French ghost, and as pale as a corps! Here Madame's confusion became so evident that she stammered, and blushed, and breathed short, and threw her head on the back of the chair, as though she had fainted; she thought her scheme had been detected, and the tale of the ghost merely an ironical burlesque upon her contrivance. From such behaviour Monsieur Sontine had reason to think, that he had actually frightened her; he endeavoured at first to laugh her out of her childish fears; this still confirmed her suspicion, and she was very near betraying the truth herself. At length she began to discover her mistake, and by imperceptible degrees, she pretended to be persuaded by his reasonable arguments, and not to believe in the foolleries of a superstitious, fantastical imagination, as Jemmy's evidently was, from ignorantly supposing he had seen a ghost. Thus this affair passed over; and thus matters remained, with this exceptin, that Monima and her father were ordered, upon pain of death, not to step near the windows. For four successive weeks they suffered much from cold, hunger, and the apprehension of their doubtful situation; meantime Madame Sontine lived gaily, every day, or every other day, she was crowded with company; the evening was generally devoted to card-playing or dancing, and the day to various other amusements. It happened once that a greater number than usual had attended; towards evening a most tremendous snow-storm blew up, which made it impossible for the company to venture home; beds were therefore appropriated for them throughout the mansion, and in the room next to the haunted one, a young gentleman was placed, whose head, filled either with love or traffic, would not admit of the intrusion of sleep. It was near three o'clock in the morning, when the stillness of death reigned in the house, and nothing was heard out of it but the sudden gusts of wind against the shutters, that Pellemont left his bed, and blew up the expiring cinders in the chimney; and as he was lighting the candle, he thought he heard a sorrowful moan in the chamber: the idea of sickness obtruded itself on his mind: he set the candle on the stand, and with cautious step, proceed toward the door, to lend his aid, if distress require it. In about a minute he heard these sounds plainly articulated, Monima, my lamb, why do you not sleep, does hunger prevent you? A feeble, effeminate voice answered, 'tis weakness, my father. All was again quiet, and he determined to mention his night's adventure at breakfast.

(To be Continued.)

HAPPINESS.

The real nature of happiness is, I believe, as little understood as any subject that draws the attention of man. The ideas which are generally suggested, confine it to one plain, easy, silent journey of rural life, regardless of the various dispositions or circumstances of men.

For my part, I believe 'it is impossible for the bold and enterprizing mind to draw happiness from the shady groves, and luxuriant landscapes of the

country, from the laborious but wholesome labours of the peasant, as the inhabitants of Africa to be content among the snows of Iceland.

When the imagination constantly dwells on the dignified gravity of a senator, or brilliant pomp of a general; when it soars to the majesty of sovereignty, or is dazzled with the gems of Peru; the mind is only content in the council chamber; in the manly labours of the field, where the thunder of the cannon enhances the glory of the scene; or, in the full-sailing merchant-man, laden with the pride of the Indies. Take him from the element, not a gleam of pleasure illumines his countenance; the finest landscape of nature; the parade of an eastern despot; or even the endearments of domestic life, fail to yield him happiness. It is only acquired when in the eager pursuit of the will; when the mind is suffered to chase the idol of its wishes, whether high or low, riches, power, or love. In the attainment of our object we are generally disappointed in the mass of happiness our sanguine hopes led us to expect; for the imagination holds out a prospect which reality seldom experiences. It is this hope, the constant companion of our pursuits, which renders the journey of the traveller more happy than the object by which it was excited.

NEW-YORK, SEPTEMBER 12, 1801.

THE MONITOR—NO. VI.

The human species it is, that in the chain of the creation, is the very next link to Angels; endowed with properties, that in extensiveness are little inferior to those of the host of heaven; and yet, in general, they are the most discontented and unhappy of all God's creation. To judge with most propriety of effects, it is necessary to trace them to their causes: and hence we will find, that whatever occurrences tend to ruffle the serenity of the mind, and create hatred, or apathy of life, generally flow from an undue attention to the improvement of those faculties, which, in every chance of life, might keep our minds on a just equilibrium of rational principle; but as we value peace and happiness, this, of all others, ought to be held under the absolute restrictions of reasonable controul, otherwise we have every misery to apprehend from a selfishness of heart, which ever attends self-love. There are but two real evils in life, the one is sickness, the other loss of friends by death; the rest are all imaginary. A self-collected mind can make itself easy under the bleakest vicissitudes of life; 'tis not on the acquirement of wealth that happiness depends, but on a due appropriation of that, let it be ever so little, that we have acquired. But in that breast, where self-love superabounds, if even the condition of life is highly affluent, happiness can find no room. By such, a certain homage is expected from every individual, and the least remissness in point of politeness or attention toward them, is sure to be a continual source of vexation and inquietude to them. In whom self-love bears the sway, are remarkable for inattention to the ease and happiness of those with whom they stand in necessary connection. Strange, that they should be so violently corroded at every little inadvertency, and yet make themselves guilty of the same faults they condemn in others! The reason is, that the pride of self-love veils their eyes to their own imperfections; these are discernable by others, and in proportion as their haughtiness abounds, they lose the common respect of the world. Murmuring and pevishness is hence substituted for that delightful flow of the heart, that an easy conduct, and humble pretensions, ever insure; and the world is found productive of unhappiness to them, when, with the smallest insight into their own bad propensities, they might trace the cause of their complaints in the narrow dispositions of their own breasts.

It is a doubt whether those who are under subjection to those petty frailties, deserve most of our contempt or pity. To be so highly tenacious of rights, honors, privileges, and respect, without condescending to appreciate the merit of others, or making due allowances for the defects of ignorance, betrays at once a want of feeling and a weak mind; hence they subject themselves to contempt; but when we observe how the world's remissness works upon their souls, how it rankles and corrodes at their heart, how productive it is, of every mortifying disquietude to them, we cannot but bestow our pity on them, and wish them to possess more wisdom and philosophy.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Ladies' Monitor.

ADDRESS TO A YOUNG LADY.

MARIA, whilst I rural lays impart,
The true sensations of a candid heart;
Forgive intrusion, for it is your praise
That guides my song, and constitutes my lays.

Your beauty, known to all, to me does prove,
The painful rapture of excessive love.
Thy form enliven'd with sublimest grace,
Those glowing charms imprinted on thy face,
Have drawn my heart from every rival fair,
And plac'd on thee, my love, my joy and care.
Then, dearest girl, oh! never prove unkind;
Me to my vow you'll always constant find:
Believe 'tis fix't, my heart shall never move,
Like Ida fasten'd by the hand of Jove.
Huge Saturn from his orb shall first be hurl'd,
And Mars, with thunder, shake the astonish'd world:
Old Chaos shall return, and horrid night
Supplant the day, and put the sun to flight.
All this shall come to pass before I prove,
Unconstant to the charming girl I love;
Whose voice is sweeter than Pomona's breath;
Whose smile is bliss, whose frown is "double death."

TWILIGHT.

How charming, thus, to see the day decline!
How sweetly soothing, blissful and sublime!
In solemn shades it slowly dwindles down,
And changes light to twilights gentle brown.
Each object varies with the dusky shade;
The landscapes, gay, obscurely seen, then fade;
Then pensive musing, Melancholy's sire,
And Fancy come, and light the mental fire,
That meditates....this boundless regions soars,
And every busy object new explores.
If bliss on earth there be, 'tis surely this!
Wrapp'd in itself, the soul can cares dismiss,
Can mount above this nether atmosphere
And muse where folly never dare come near.
There, free from passions, baleful influence,
Great reason claims, a pretereminence;
She harmonises the affections band,
And toil, and happiness, go hand in hand.
United thus in one, content is seen
The greatest good that mortals can attain.

The sable godess westwardly is bound,
Walks from the east, and spreads a gloom around;
Her gentle move is obvious to view,
And twilight wears a suit of darker hue;
Fancy, dilated, wanders through the gloom;
And pensive Thought views the creator's tomb.
No object but a distant glim'ring light,
Hies through the gloom, and swift attracts the sight.

The sky a striking contrast now display,
Westward it still diffuses gentle rays.
Venus, the goddess of the western sky,
With modest diffidence beams from on high:
With sweet suffusion, tremblingly and pale,
By twilight introduc'd, she lights the vale.
Her conscious dignity beams forth at last,
And spreads a lustre unconfin'd and vast:
Then twilight, gentle twilight, takes her flight,
And is succeeded by the gloom of night.

M.....

SELECTED POETRY.

THE DESERTED INDIAN.

DARK is the countenance you now behold,
On which the sun his fiery beams has shed;
Weak is my frame, unable to uphold
My fainting spirits—faint for want of bread.

Cast on a land where Wealth and Plenty dwell,
Cast on a land where gen'rous Pity smiles,
By your donations, bid my bosom swell
With thanks, to recompence your friendly toils.

An alien, wandering from my native shore,
My language wild, and dissonant to hear;
For all your gifts—the God whom you adore
Shall take the heart-ejaculated prayer.

I have receiv'd, like you, what nature gave—
A body subject to disease and pain;
And, though enforc'd to live another's slave,
A noble thirst for Liberty retain.

A mother bore me in her feeble frame,
Sustain'd my life with nutriment like your's,
Taught my young voice to lisp a father's name,
And chant the majesty of Mithra's powers.

To you I lift my want enfeebled hand,
To you I lift these eyes, replete with tears;
Cold blows the wind—Oh! aid me to withstand
The woes of life, the press of grief-worn years!

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